to breake the pate of thee, I am a very villaine: come and be hangd, haſt no fayth in thee?

Enter Gads-hill.

Gads-hill. Good-morrow *Carriers*, What's a clocke?

Car. I thinke it be two a clocke.

Gad. I prethee lend me thy Lantherne, to ſee my Gelding in the Stable.

1. Car. Nay by God ſoft; I know a tricke worth two of that I fayth.

Gad. I prethee lend me thine.

2. Car. I, when, canſt tell? Lend me thy Lanterne (quoth he) Marry Ile ſee thee hanged firſt.

Gad. Sirra *Carrier*, What time doe you meane to come to *London?*

2. Car. Time enough to go to bed with a Candle, I warrant thee. Come neighbour *Muges*, weele call vp the Gentlemen, they will along with company, for they haue great charge.

Enter Chamberlaine. *Exeunt.*

Gad. What ho, *Chamberlaine.*

Cham. At hand quoth Pick-purſe.

Gad. Thats euen as faire, as at hand quoth the *Chamberlaine*, for thou varieſt no more from picking of Purſes, then giuing direction doth from laboring: thou layeſt the plot how.

Cham. Good morrow Maſter *Gads-hill*, it holds currant that I told you yeſter night, theres a *Franklin* in the wild of *Kent*, hath brought three hundred Marks with him in Gold, I heard him tell it to one of his company laſt night at ſupper, a kind of Auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too, God knowes what; they are vp already, and call for Egges and Butter: they will away preſently.

Gad. Sirra, if they meet not with Saint *Nicholas Clarkes*, Ile giue thee this necke.

Cham. No, Ile none of it; I pray thee keepe that for the Hangman, for I know thou worſhipeſt Saint *Nicholas*, as truly as a man of falſehood may.

Gad. What talkeſt thou to me of the Hangman? if I hang, Ile make a fat paire of Gallowes: for if I hang, old *Sir Iohn* hangs with me, & thou knowes he is no ſtarueling; tut, there are other

Troians